

Greetings,

This is a direct dispatch from the Dimana Consciousness and Memory Archives, preserved for its' cultural, historical and aesthetic significance, related to Dimana's personal trauma and emotional suppression company division.

Certain details such as dates, names and the general chronology of the events transpired are unclear as per the emotional suppressive directive to protect the subconscious' half-life, a task already strenuous enough due to the amount of tedious emotional expression subjected onto the company in the past few months.

It's been a tough time for the company's assets, as reported in the quarterly earnings meeting where the possibility of completely dissolving the entire Dimana was brought up in passing by one of our investors.

Though it has been edited for clarity, the main text remains preserved in its original form – a pure crystallized moment of embarrassment courtesy of the world's foremost expert on a lifetime of cringing.

10:20 A.M. LOCATION: GUY-DRUMMOND FRENCH PUBLIC ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, SMACK-DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF OUTREMONT, MONTREAL. I THINK IT WAS WINTER. THE SKY WAS VERY WHITE. SO IS THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

So, there is a very interesting part of my life where I thought I had way more power than I actually had. Picture this: I'm in the fourth grade. I just outgrew the pastel pink Minnie Mouse sweater thrifted for me upon our arrival in Quebec and I'm wearing an oversized hoodie to school because being a girl is hard, but being a fat girl is unacceptable.

I'm in math class. I'm very tired. For some reason, I just can't focus on the fascinating subject of numbers being put together in the worst combinations possible and I'm nodding off-

4:25 A.M. LOCATION: MY SHITTY TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT FOUR HOURS BEFORE I HAVE TO BE AT SCHOOL

I'm clearly playing World of Warcraft for at least five hours too long and my parents learned how to cut off the ethernet cord at night in an attempt to stop me from doing this, but I have deftly managed to avoid that problem by just turning it back on while they're sleeping and the cord had a square tip at the end which had to enter the modem precisely in one direction, so I learned how to do it without looking, which I thought was pretty cool for me to know at that age and actually, if you think about-

10:25 A.M. BACK TO CLASS

10:32:05 A.M.

I'm incredibly hard to miss. I've played dodgeball.

10:45 A.M. LOCATION. HALLWAY LEADING TO the FRENCH REVOLUTION STYLE EXECUTION OF MY DIGNITY

So, I'm slowly shuffling back to class, pages half-filled with random numbers and some circles around the questions and the diagrams as if to indicate I spent half a minute trying to decipher the math problem before fully giving myself over to whichever Trickster God is to blame for my indescribable arrogance on display today.

Now, though, years later, I'm just thinking back to that Dimana. To fourth grade awkwardness and her unibrow and her constant lack of sleep due to lack of parental supervision due to lack of money due to an unfair system choking us all...and I think back to her trying to undo the damage of an event that didn't even happen yet.

I was trying to protect myself from an over-worked middle-aged lady gently getting mad at me for not doing my homework. Something that absolutely has no bearing on my life now and wouldn't have been a big deal if I just accepted responsibility and understood that I wasn't being shamed for who I was...I just didn't do the fuckin' homework.

10:46 A.M. DIMANA'S BACK. LET'S FUCK HER UP FOR A COUPLE OF DECADES.

"Show me your textbook. I want to check your homework."

"Uh yeah, sure, let me just sit down..."

"..."

"Yep. Just. Gonna..."

"Did you bring your textbook to the washroom?"

10:46:20 A.M. LOCATION. DENIAL.

".....No."

10:47 A.M. LOCATION. THE INTROSPECTIVE CORNER

She didn't like the answer. Maybe it's because I was lying to her face. It did seem kind of rude to just do that when she was right, and I was wrong. But I don't have a good history with that. So I just kept going with it.

Yeah, she chewed me out. I deserved it. And I don't really remember what the end of that whole ordeal was, huh. I guess this is kind of anti-climactic for us both.

I doubt the memory was that great if I didn't hold on to it as strongly as I did the rest. In many ways, me feeling like I had the skill and confidence to pull that scheme off on that

snowy (?) day in fourth grade makes me envy my younger self. What propelled me into this clearly idiotic experience? And why do I so vividly remember it today?

In a very broad sense, what happened that day informs a lot about my behaviour now and it doesn't make me sad or angry or even happy, it just is. I don't have a lot of experiences in my life where I can safely say I just accepted them as they are.

There's a lot to dissect about the roots of my anxiety and fear, especially when it comes to feeling embarrassed about existing the way I do without the additives of self-deprecation or beating someone else to the punch by constantly calling myself a dumb idiot moron dumbass before they can. But, this fourth-grade Dimana, this young and clueless girl who wished nothing but a painless journey through grade school so she can get to the fun part in high school where she learns to hate herself in a visceral way...she had a spark in her. Who cares if it was fueled by anxiety and fear, some of the best comedies live and breathe by those metrics.

Thank you for accessing the Archive. In the interest of bookkeeping and the general upkeep of the company's assets, please return the dispatch to its correct place and position in the filing system: **Memories That I Have Now Milked for Entertainment, Therefore They Have No More Value to Me Volume 4.**

Have a lovely day.